

BURGOS.

The Early Capital of Castile, Where the Old Was Born and Buried.

Special Correspondence.

Burgos, Spain, Aug. 14.—The short railway ride from Valladolid to this ancient capital was made in darkness—until a belated moon arose to pierce the earth. At Burgos station, far outside the city walls, a sleepy guard, with lantern in hand and sword clanking at his heels, overhauled our hand-luggage, the trunks being retained for examination in the morning. Then we were bundled into a carriage drawn by mules and rattled away—over the wonderful old bridge of Santa Maria and under its towering gateway—in whose lofty niches multi-colored statues of the old and half a dozen other Burgaleses worthies seemed to grin down upon us in the uncertain light, through narrow, deserted streets, to the Hotel de Norte, where our beds were up with a flourish that brought heads to the surrounding windows—just as the watchmen, on their accustomed rounds, droned out the time of night. "A las doce y media. (Half past eleven). La noche es clara y serena. Ave Maria Sanctissima!"

By the way, who comes to Burgos would better remember to make a good bargain in advance, before entering any hotel. Being on the main highway of travel, all tourists halt here, and so the innkeepers have become frightfully extortionate. If every article that can possibly be required is not distinctly specified, even to the bed-room candle and necessary service, the bill—large enough, in all conscience, at first reckoning—will be doubled by interpolations of "extras." All the guide books put down this "hotel of the north" as the best in Burgos; and if that be true, may a gracious Providence preserve us from the others! Grimsy and gloomy outside, the first view of its interior sends a chill to your marrow, akin to that experienced in entering a

LONG-CLOSED VAULT

in the cemetery. The brick floors are cold and damp in all weathers, and when you have toiled up two or three flights of stairs, through dark and smelly passages, and made your selection between several equally stuffy dens of rooms, where ghosts of generations of dead Spaniards seem to be fluttering the curtains and countenances that have not seen sun and water since their long-past day—with the knowledge that for such accommodation you must pay more per diem than for the best in the Waldorf-Astoria of New York City—you confess to a feeling of relief that the Spanish tour, so charming in the main, is almost over. As to fellow-lodgers in the form of vermin, the subject is too harrowing to be pressed and "the veil" would better be drawn. Unable to sleep for the warmth of their welcome, I spent most of my first night in Burgos out on the balcony in the moon light. Not far away stood one of the grandest cathedrals in Spain—so situated on the slope of the hill that its roof, pinnacled with exquisite lace-work towers and arches, was on a level with my feet—the whole vast pile looking so airy and delicate in the mellow radiance that I half expected to see it float away with the mists of the morning. Farther away rose a ridge, hundreds of feet high, crowned with a castle—a thousand years old, which was once the city's glory and defiance, and has borne its part well in innumerable wars, down to the last siege of

Wellington. These two ancient landmarks, the Castle and the Cathedral, standing over against each other and dwarfing into insignificance the ruined city between them, are perfect types of the bygone Gothic civilization and monuments of the glorious past. Such an hour in the heart of Spain pays for a long journey, and when at last I strove

FOR "FORTY WINKS."

sitting bolt upright in a chair, as far from that big-haired bed as the walls would permit, it was to see fairy visions floating through half-dreams of beleaguered castles and mail-clad knights and beautiful ladies, re-enacting their parts in the tragic romance of the region.

Your first impressions of Burgos, by "the garish light of day," are very disappointing. The average tourist, coming down through France, visits this place first in the picturesque land of the dunes, and naturally much overrates it. I say "naturally," because all travelers know that first impressions of a country brand-new in their experience, take deeper hold of the imagination than any subsequent ones, gained after the charm of novelty has lost its keener edge. Having already spent several months in Spain, we are better prepared to give Burgos its true rating, as compared with other cities. At first glance, its newer common-place houses and white walls, stretched along the muddy Rio Arlanzon, look like some uninteresting Missouri river town, rather than the proud old capital of Spanish kings one has been led to expect. In the best quarters of the city, all hints at former grandeur have been long succeeded by the silence of the grave. Though the population is yet near forty thousand, there are whole streets apparently uninhabited, upon the key-stones of whose stately but deserted mansions are sculptured the arms and mottoes of noble families whose pedigrees can be traced back in unbroken series to the domination of the Goths. In other streets the ancient casars are freshly painted in such gaudy colors and incongruous combinations of hues that the beholder no longer wonders at De Amicis' exaggerated description: "If there were an insane asylum for painters at Burgos, one would say that the city had been painted some day when its inmates had broken loose." But the brilliant colors do not conceal the fact that Burgos is hopelessly a "back number"—any more than roused cheeks and curling wig can renew an octogenarian spinster's bellefleur. In the mouldy marketplace, surrounded by massive arcades and balconies, are many reminders of former splendor, when bull-fights and festivals were held here, while the nobility occupied the arcades below. The shabby shops that now range around the historic square are sparsely filled with sham jewelry, Toledo swords, rusty armor, old clothes and similar junk—for which there seems to be little demand, as the shop-keepers lounge and

SMOKE ALL DAY

on the broken pavements outside, when not in the seclusion of siesta. Dull, dirty and dilapidated as we find it today, there is nowhere a more excellent type of Spanish poverty and retrogression than this once proud city of Burgos. Without trade or manufactures of any sort, it swarms with idlers and beggars. Of the latter it is a perfect hotbed, and for insolence and per-



Lt. Ely, Wounded.

Lt. Alistatter, Captured.

Capt. Noyes, Wounded.

Lt. Murphy, Killed.

Lt. Parker, Wounded.

Lt. Lawton, Wounded.

ency I have never seen their equals, especially in the neighborhood of the cathedral, which all foreigners are sure to visit; and as they are the only persons now in Burgos who have money to give away, the narrow streets are fairly swarmed with mendicants, who thrust their dirty hands in your face, clinging to your skirts and refusing to let you go until alms have been bestowed; and to give to one group is only to call forth a more determined onset from the next. They take the steps that lead up to the cathedral door, their sores and wretchedness displayed to best advantage; they pounce upon the visitor from behind the columns of the interior; they follow him back to the door of his hotel, and lie in wait for him to come out again. Somewhat higher than these in the social scale, but probably even more needy, since their pride forbids the asking of assistance, are hundreds of starving hidalgoes, whose only business in life is to perambulate the plazas at regulation hours, carefully adjusting the capes of their capacious cloaks so as to screen themselves from every breath of air—and maybe, also, to hide a lamentable lack of linen. It is curious to watch one of these stately gentlemen as he approaches the corner of a street and solemnly pauses to arrange anew his cape against the possible current of air which he is about to encounter. The true Castilian dreads nothing so much as fresh air—unless it be fresh water. Even the beggars stalk about with inconceivable dignity, muffled to the eyes in tattered and threadbare cloaks, which they arrange just as carefully as do their betters. As to the aristocratic classes, the Castilian gentleman seems to have reached his highest development in Burgos. Always charming in manner, frank, loyal, ignorant and vain, he is as sparing of words as prodigal of courtesy; he is a staunch supporter of the church rather than tradition and habit than from religious conviction; and in pretension of high lineage, he rivals the celebrated Conde Don Pedro de Velasco, who, when some bold courtier ventured to question him

TITLE TO NOBILITY.

answered with true Spanish hyperbole: "Before God was God, before the sun shone on the rocks, already was noble the house of Velasco!"

The city is built on a sloping ground, in the midst of a plain, between the river, which washes one side of it, and the hill on the other, crowned with the ancient castle. Between ridge and river the space is necessarily confined,

so that the fine old gateway of Santa Maria, built in honor of Charles V, is disgracefully crowded upon by insignificant modern buildings and even the cathedral—the glory of Burgos and the boast of Spain—is so hampered by common-place structures that it is difficult to obtain any good view of its exterior. So great is the slope of the town that while the front of the west cathedral opens upon a little plaza considerably above the level of the narrow streets that hem it in, the rear of it actually abuts against the hill, so that in entering from that side one must descend a staircase to the pavement. Such infelicities of position would kill the effect of any ordinary structure, but nothing can even mar the grandeur of this. Though dirty, bustling, sordid streets come up to its very doors, like the waves of the sea to the foot of a mighty cliff, it lifts its head throughout the centuries, unmoved by the tumult of pigmy generations that come and go. Standing at the foot of the lace-work towers and looking up, you feel very small indeed. There is nothing to be told of this sanctuary that has not been a hundred times narrated. It is tremendous in size and beautiful in parts, but not nearly so striking, as a whole, as many less celebrated Spanish churches. But it is the great attraction of this old capital—some disappointed travelers say the only attraction, so much does it overshadow all the others. Indeed, one might describe Burgos as a cathedral with a town attached to it, so completely is the latter dwarfed and divided by the central mass of towers rising far above it. Before entering the building, you feel constrained to walk around it—to loiter outside and daily with the exterior, for it seems almost sacrilegious to rush into such a presence without due preparation of eye and mind. Every Spanish cathedral is a kind of Westminster Abbey—a place of

BURIAL FOR THE GREAT

of former generations. Here they lie, the sculptured forms that rest above their sepulchres representing them as they appeared in the bloom of life; the bishop in his robes, with hands folded on his breast; the king with crown and scepter; the knight in his armor, who will never go forth to battle again. One may read the history of Spain in these memorials of the past. An illustration of this is seen in the chapel of the constable of Castile. He was a warrior bold, of the history-making time of Ferdinand and Isabella, and by their side he entered Granada. Like all the rest of the old-time Spanish heroes, his religion

was inseparably mixed with war. On his tomb appears not only his sword and helmet and coat of mail, but the ivory crucifix which went with him on all his campaigns, and the sacramental vessels with which he always had mass celebrated on the field of battle. His warfare over, he has slept here more than four hundred years, beside his beloved wife, whose lap-dog lies at her feet.

The first view of Burgos cathedral dazzles one by the elaborate richness of the gilded carvings, the mass of florid decoration, the paintings, the statues, the glittering altars and thousands of burning tapers. But notwithstanding the gorgeousness of color and gilding, there is nothing gaudy or in bad taste as too often seen in Spanish sanctuaries. This is as much due to the massive grandeur and vast size of the edifice as to the "dim religious light" of the stained windows, which modifies without impairing the richness of the general effect, and the fact that the softening hand of time has subdued the brilliancy of coloring. Among many objects of interest, you are shown the Cofre del Cid—a trunk clamped with iron and now fastened to the wall, which the Cid filled with sand and then pledged to the Jews as full of gold, for a loan of 600 marks—which, it is said, he afterwards honestly repaid. But after all, the greatest interest is with the dead—in the cloisters where sleep the heroes whose zeal and prowess made poor, old, impoverished Spain once the greatest nation of the earth.

FANNIE R. WARD.

ROOSEVELT NOT A WEALTHY MAN.

Contrary to an impression which prevails widely, the governor is not a rich man. He came of the old families of New York, and inherited property which insured him a comfortable living according to the ideas of his ancestors. Mr. Roosevelt has not been in business in the sense of devoting himself to mere money-making. He has been civil service commissioner, police commissioner, assistant secretary of the navy, colonel of volunteers, and now is governor of New York. All of this time his living has cost him more than his official salaries and the income from his inherited estate. Literary work is Mr. Roosevelt's delight, but the world can never know how much the remuneration entered into the problem of keeping the pot boiling. It is vouchsafed for by one nearly related to the governor that but for this revenue derived from the pen, Governor Roosevelt would have cut into his patrimony materially to sustain his family.

Today Governor Roosevelt receives from all of his property and investments of every kind the sum of \$5,000 a year. As Vice President of the United States his salary would be \$8,000 a year, and this will represent his income. Literary work, which is now a delight, and a material addition to his income, is the inevitable. He argued that it would be necessary for him to suspend most, if not all of his literary engagements, which were entirely proper for him as the governor of New York. He decided that election to the vice presidency meant living on an income of \$12,000 a year. Vice Presidents have done this. The late Vice President Hobart did not. He maintained an establishment, and entertained on a scale that cost far more than Mr. Roosevelt will be able to spend.

When it came to the point of deciding to waive personal considerations and to remain passive, Mr. Roosevelt talked plainly. He said it must be understood that he would rent a modest house on N street, at the capital, and do but little in a social way. His obligations to his family required that he should live within the income of the office and his estate. Upon this he determined.

When Theodore Roosevelt was civil service commissioner, ten years ago, he wrote a letter which will be read with extraordinary interest at this time. The letter was private; it dwelt upon the attractions and possibilities of a political career. At that time Mr. Roosevelt was reluctantly deciding that he could not make a profession of politics, and was turning to literature as his vocation. The recipient of the letter, Mr. Edward Atwell, has chosen an auspicious time to make it public. This is what Mr. Roosevelt thought and wrote: "If a man has political foresight, who lives in a district where the people think as he does, and where he has a great hold over them, then he can seriously go in for a continuous public career, and I suppose in such a case it is all right for him to shape his public course more or less with a view to his own continuance in office. I am a little inclined to envy a man who can look forward to a long and steady course of public service; but in my own case such a career is out of the question, and personally it seems to me that a man's comfort and usefulness in public life are greatly impaired the moment he begins to worry about how his votes and actions will affect his own future

When I was in the legislature I soon found that for my own happiness, as well as for the sake of doing good work in the future, and as soon as I had made up my mind to this and voted simply as I thought right, not only disregarding people themselves, but I honestly thought them all wrong on a matter of principle, not of more expediency, then I began to thoroughly enjoy myself, and to feel that I was doing good. "It is just the same way with my political work as civil service commissioner. I believe in it with all my heart, not possibly by the way of a hobby, but work at the present moment vitally important to the public welfare, and I literally don't care a rap what politicians say of me, in or out of con- gress save in so far as my actions may help or hurt the cause for which I am working. My hands are fortunately perfectly free, for I have not the slightest concern about my political future. My career is that of a literary man, and as soon as I am out of my books I travel, not ever be called to take another public position, or I may be in any other way. I shall try to do decent work while I am in office. I shall probably enjoy the life greatly while I am taking part in it, and I shall certainly be ready at any time to go out of it with a perfectly light heart."—Birmingham, Ala., Aug. Herald.

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